

MARTIN AND KRESS WILL HEAD NEW STAFF

GRETEMAN WINS FIRST PLACE IN ORATORICAL

Halbach And Farnan Also Win, Out of Field of Six.

Saturday evening the Annual Oratory Contest was held in the College auditorium. The program opened with an Overture rendered by the College Orchestra. Mr. Frank Greteman of Carroll, Iowa, won first place, for which he receives a gold medal. His oration was entitled, "Justice for the Farmer," and concerned the western farmer, who not being protected by a tariff must face his difficulties alone. As a solution to the problem he advocated the McNary-Haugen Bill. He delivered his oration splendidly, stating his arguments in a well modulated, distinct voice. His selection was full of vim and zest, and he spoke in an animated, convincing manner.

Mr. Arthur Halbach of Stacyville, Iowa, was awarded second place and the silver medal. His oration, "The Apostle of Iowa," dealt with the life of Bishop Loras, and the many obstacles he was forced to overcome in carrying out his good work. He gave a very good account of himself and his method of delivery was first class.

"The Mother and Martyr of Mexico," was the oration given by Mr. John Farnan of Dubuque, who won third place. He delivered his oration in true orator fashion, describing vividly the conditions in Mexico.

The other men, Messrs. Goodman, Becker, and Kinney did very well. Raphael Goodman gave an eloquent plea for the return of "The Exiled Queen," the mother, to her throne, the home; Elmer Becker, in an excellent oration showed that "the ways of the world are water ways," while Paul Kinney explained the benefits of the Constitution.

Judge Nelson with Leo Tierney of Dubuque and Father Danegger were the judges of the contest.

BEG PARDON

The Kelly named as an "All-Star" in the major class league was Emmett, of city tournament fame.

Father Norman Duckette officiated at mass at Our Lady of The Blessed Sacrament Church in Cleveland a short time ago. This was the first time that a negro priest officiated at mass in Cleveland. Father has been appointed by his bishop to organize a negro parish in his native city, Detroit.

ACADEMY RETAINS HIGH STANDING

Continues Membership In North Central Association.

In these days, when the sentence "Dropped" is falling right and left on colleges and high schools, the following extract from the letter written to the Academy authorities by Mr. W. H. Gemmill, Chairman of the Iowa Committee of the North Central Association, speaks for itself:

"It is a pleasure to inform you that at the meeting of the Commission on Secondary Schools of the North Central Association that was held in Chicago on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 15 and 16, 1927, Columbia Academy, of Dubuque, was continued on the accredited list of the Association. This accrediting continues until March, 1928.

"Permit us to congratulate all concerned upon the national rating which Columbia Academy receives because of recognition by the North Central Association."

RETREAT MASTERS ARE VINCENTIANS

Two Vincentian Priests, Father Sweeney and Father Powers—old and experienced hands at the pre-Easter reshaping of youth's penitent hearts and thoughts—are coming to Columbia at the close of Lent, to help and direct the annual spiritual retreat.

These two fathers are members of a large force of men, who, with Chicago as their center of activities, spread out over the country at Easter time, crusaders like, prepared for the battle between the devil and the souls of thousands of girls and boys.

Columbians are truly fortunate in having these Fathers here to conduct the spring retreat, from which we shall emerge closer to God in heart and mind.

"EFFORT"

It takes a lot of effort
To do right every day;
It takes a lot of courage
Continually to be gay.

But remember when you're gloomy,
And things seem dark and drear,
And no one says a kindly word,
And not a friend comes near.

That behind this veil of darkness
There's a fresher, brighter sky,
A tune that's filled with cheerfulness,
And joy that cannot die.

It takes a lot of effort
To do right every day.
It takes a lot of courage
To be forever gay.

J. Frantzen, '27.

HONOR ROLL SHOWS DECREASE

Students Fail To Maintain Standard (Office of the registrar). The results of the six weeks examinations, just issued, show a big falling off in the number of honor students, which can be explained only in two ways: that the professors have grown more severe, or that the boys have become either lazy or "chesty", perhaps a combination of both.

The publication of the pictures of the honor students in the Purgold should be an encouragement to lagging spirits during the next six weeks.

HONOR ROLL

1ST SIX WEEKS—SECOND SEMESTER.

Fourth Year

1. Hoffman, Albert	94.6
2. Rhomberg, Louis	90.4
3. Enzler, Clarence	90.2
4. Molinaro, Joseph	90
5. Reynolds, Harold	90
6. Friedmann, Clarence	90
Kintzle, Clarence	90

Third Year

1. Ernsdorff, Louis	93.8
2. Meinert, Joseph	93.2
3. Linehan, Edmund	93
4. Doyle, George	91.2
5. Krocheski, Joseph	91
6. Kolfenbach, Edwin	90.4
Runde, Louis	90.4

Second Year

1. Willging, Herbert	97
2. Kerper, Angelo	94.8
3. Kearns, James	93.4
4. Cullen, Arnold	92.8
5. Kies, Thomas	91.4

First Year

1. Swartzell, Robert	96.8
2. Benak, Joseph	93.6
Kenline, Karl	93.6
4. Wehlage, Edward	92.6
5. Ferring, Harlow	91.8
6. Palen, Edward	91
Saunders, Gordon	91
8. Baldus, Lawrence	90

HAVE YOU?

The essay contest closes on April 1st next. Those who wish to enter the contest, and who have not yet handed in their essays, had better get busy before it is too late. It is expected that each student who possibly can will hand in at least one essay to the contest. Even those who had not thought of entering the contest still have time to write one essay before April 1. So get busy everybody and let's go.

Linehan And Meinert Named As Assistants.

Four members of the present staff were yesterday named to take charge of the Cee-Ay for the next semester. Don Kress and John Martin, old and faithful servants of the paper, are the new editor-in-chief, with Edmund Linehan and Joseph Meinert as assistants.

Paul O'Neill and Herbert Willging are taken on as associate editors, while Francis Cassidy, George Schmitz, and James Kearns will handle athletics. George Doyle and Angelo Kerper are given the task of livening up the Alumni Department; Jim McGuinn draws Joe Palen as his associate in Local Vistas, while Higgins gets Farnan in the Line o' Rattle. Loras Lights will still be produced by Jack Finley, and Gerald Sschroeder and George Scharer will be faithful typists to the end of the year. Tom Knox is made business manager and exchange editor.

Two associate editors are yet to be chosen, possibly the selection will be made before the new staff takes charge of the next issue.

DRAMATIC FINALS WILL BE STAGED NEXT TUESDAY

Entertaining Evening Is Expected

On next Tuesday evening, March 29th, the auditorium will resound with the hearty voice of Luke, the moonshiner, as he boldly declares, "Thar's gold in them hills, and it all belongs to little Nell!" For Tuesday is the magic date of the finals in the Dramatic Contest, the nail-biting and soul-stirring competition so dear to the hearts of all—especially to those acquainted with the intricate art of tearing the heart-strings and urging on to action.

The speakers and the selections lead us to believe that the coming contest will be one of our most successful, and certainly worthy of our interest and support. Marcus Butler will offer "The Littlest Rebel"; the dynamic Mr. Conforti has not announced his selection, but it will be entertaining, for Elmer is known to be a dramatist of parts; John Graham has chosen "The Royal Archer's Proof"; Donald Lyness will render "Engineer O'Connor's Son"; Paul O'Neill's offering will be "The Rider of the Black Horse"; and Nicholas Sutton will give "The Deserter". If Fortune smiles upon Sylvan Frommelt, the alternate, he will present "No Room for Mother."

Since all these men are trained speakers and this will be the last of the elimination competitions, it is expected that all the students will attend and give their hearty support.

"THE CEE-AY"

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THE STAFF

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	D. Kress
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	J. Conlin
Athletics	R. Croake
	E. Meagher
	F. Cassidy
	T. Farnan
Alumni News	L. Greteman
	M. Butler
Wastebasket	A. Wilberding
	J. Higgins
Loras Lights	J. Finley

EDITORIAL TO THE NEW STAFF

For the fourth time in the history of the Cee-Ay, a new staff of men is to take over the conducting of the school publication. The honor bestowed on the men selected for this task is no mean one, for their presence on the staff means that a certain degree of proficiency in the classroom has been attained by the men thus honored.

But more than mere honor goes with the possession of a place on the editorial staff. Our paper is the mirror of the school to outsiders. The way this journal is conducted will demonstrate to our alumni and others just what type of learning we possess. There is a duty connected with the honor, namely that of giving our fellow students the best kind of a paper possible.

It will not all be easy. You will find things happening on Thursday night which you will have to get into the paper in a few hours; no one can regulate time. You will have difficulty in fathoming the mysteries of make-up and captions, and of layout. It will be hard, but it will be worth your time and effort and you will have that grand feeling of working and actually accomplishing something, when you see your words in cold type. Yours will be the satisfaction of work well done. An the fruit of your labor shall be worth the effort.

We, as the old staff, sincerely hope that the Cee-Ay, under your guidance, will be the most successful publication the Academy has ever had, that the New Staff will be very successful in their venture. Our best wishes to you.

THE OLD STAFF.

SMOKING

During this school year there has been more smoking among the students of Columbia Academy than in any one year before. The old students as well as the new ones think they cannot be popular unless they smoke. This is entirely false. I could point to many cases where students have been popular and have never smoked.

Smoking is certainly not conducive to study or to making the brain keen

and alert. It deadens the thinking faculties and makes one languid. Smoking will not bring health, but continued indulgence in it will make one very susceptible to the disease everywhere about us.

The Academy has been known for the character and health of her students, but she will not make a very good impression if her representatives continue to smoke as much as they are doing. Taking the heading of the old cartoon, I would say: "Something ought to be done about this".

A. L., '28.

SELF-RELIANCE

Of all the virtues that deserve praise in a man, there is none more worthy of comment than the ability to stand upon one's own feet under all circumstances, both in school days and after life.

In school a boy is tried, and if he stands where some fail his success is almost certain. In exams if he keeps his eyes glued to his own paper and his mind upon his task when some about him are using "plugs" and "neighborly advice", if he does his own home work and does not borrow or copy it, if he is unhampered by the cry, "Aw, come on, and be a sport," he is developing the ability to stand upon his own feet—an ability for which he will never be sorry.

In his later life he is almost predestined for success if he has practiced self-reliance, for "the boy is father to the man". If he has practiced copying—leaning upon another for support—his success is not so certain. When confronted by the mountains of difficulty, when the testing pillars of fire are upon him, when huge waves of discontent break all around him, when the eyes of the world are piercing him and the future looms up before him dark and perilous, whose feet must he stand upon then? There is but one answer—his own. If he has not learned to trust himself, then woe is his, for there will be no friend to fall back on and copy from, no one else's feet to support him—and an unsupported body must certainly fall.

Let us take heed now before the habit of dependence has taken root, for "from a tiny acorn the mighty oak doth grow".

G. D., '28.

PRIZE SHORT STORY

PASSING OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

It was late afternoon in a rugged little valley high up in the mountains, a valley through which a clear stream glided swift and cold on its way to the sea.

A great hawk sailed on majestic wings above its nest on a lightning shattered ghost of a tree, surmounting a cliff which fell, sheer and sun-baked, to a jagged pile of rocks at its base. These boulders, smoothed and made fragrant by a carpet of moss and small rock fern, rimmed one bank of a pool whose placid, foam-flecked surface belied the current. The opposite bank sloped from a beach of white sand, fringed by young aspens, to a grassy meadow

which ended abruptly at the broken western wall of the canyon.

A slight breeze sprang up, caressing the fragile sago lilies which bloomed in profuse abundance throughout the valley, shaking the aspens and scattering the thin spiral of wood smoke that rose slowly to their quaking tips. The wind ruffled the surface of the stream, but so slightly that this could not account for the sound that now became the predominating noise of the valley. A whacking thump, that, repeated at uneven intervals, vibrated from wall to wall. By contrast, the drone of myriad insect life shrank to insignificance.

It might have mystified a less experienced person than the one who soon pushed through the thin line of young trees. The hip boots, the creel strapped at his side, the landing net pendant from his shoulder by its elastic strap, the long slender fly rod, the hat adorned with a colorful array of feathered lures, the clothes stained by many a camp site, all proclaimed him a fisherman.

He studied the insects floating on the current past the rocks, selected a fly, an imitation so cleverly tied that, were it not for the tiny hook that projected an infinitely small distance from the hackle, it would have passed as a member of the species then prevalent on the water. With deft fingers he tied it on the leader.

As he waded into the lower end of the pool, he noted the splash of a rising fish—the cause of the noise—in a cave like opening among the rocks, into which the current swerved.

Here lurked, according to tradition in the form of tales of defeated fishermen, a great fish, the mightiest fighter of a tribe of fighters—the mountain trout. By reason of his weight and wily wisdom, dearly gained in the school of experience, he had for many seasons successfully defied the most skillful members of the club that owned the valley.

By expert use of his rod, the angler lengthened his line sufficiently without allowing the fly to touch the water. Then, light as a zephyr's breath, the lure lit, several feet up stream from the feeding fish. It floated past untouched, seemingly but one of many, and was retrieved so delicately that it caused not the slightest disturbance. After several false casts to dry the feathers, he cast again. Many times he cast, all equally skillful, though barren of result.

Finally he bungled one, the lure hitting the water with a slight "pop". Instantly the surface exploded, the angler's wrist twitched and the fish was hooked.

As the line tightened, the old warrior threw all his cunning, weight and strength into play; plunging, rearing, bucking, breaking the water a dozen times, stripping line from the reel in magnificent, tearing rushes, sulking on the bottom until the pull of the line drove him to other frantic efforts.

Soon, however, his strength seemed to ebb. The trout did not give up, but his rushes lacked the energy, his leaps became few and weak, the sulking periods more frequent and longer. All the dynamic force, displayed of old, was sadly missing. The skill of the angler, the steel-

like strength of the resilient wand, bamboo which many times turned aside his dashes toward some dangerous rock or snag, and the pull the current, slowly wore down his powers of resistance and brought him to a climax.

Sulking in midstream he gathered the scattered remnants of his strength and hurled them all in one last, despairing effort. From the bottom of the pool he shot upward, cleared the surface by several lengths, shaking his head in a vain attempt to throw the hook.

As he posed for a fraction of a second at the zenith of his leap, the last rays of the setting sun illuminated his brilliantly hued side, changed the drops, thrown from the gleaming body, into a thousand gems. Then he lipped back and acknowledged defeat. The angler's net was far too small for the length of the trout; so he gradually dragged him into the shallows.

The man experienced a feeling of disappointment, for, expecting great battle, every inch of line taken or lost to be contested, he had whipped this famed battler in a surprisingly short space of time. And now as he gazed at his prize he realized that the fish was aged and wasted far beyond his years. He had maintained his supremacy of the stream at the cost of youth and energy.

An impulse, which might seem quixotic to some but which proved the inborn sportsmanship of the man, seized him. He hesitated only a moment. Then stooping, he with his hands, grasped the fish and gently extracted the unbarbed hook. For a few moments the fish lay gasping then made a feeble attempt to swim off, but the current proved too strong for him. In the darkening water the angler did not notice the grey-green shadow that slipped down stream, barely able to keep itself upright.

The angler, seated on the single boulder on the beach, a stubby pipe between his teeth, perceived for the first time the fish hawk, that, perched on the single arm of the tree supporting its nest, now became restless, flapping its wings and uttering an occasional cry. Soon the hoarse, rough call of its kind floated up the valley. It was answered eagerly it seemed to the angler, who surmised correctly that the hawk's mate was returning from a successful foraging trip.

The dull grey shape winging its swift way homeward above the serrated sky line of dark pines which topped the eastern wall, was silhouetted against the clouds painted by the soft colors only seen in an October sunset, so that even at that height and distance, it was evident that a fish of unusually large size was grasped in its claws.

As it drew near, the man below sat up with a start as he recognized the fish as the former denizen of the pool. He instantly knew what had happened, the current had carried the weakened fish downstream until it stranded on a gravel bed where his struggles arrested the attention of the hawk.

As the hawk came up to its nest, a small bird darted from nowhere and savagely attacked the newcomer. The latter whose large and slow moving wings did not permit it to

BASKETBALL SQUAD



Front Row: Schwartz, Kolfenbach, Conforti (Captain), McGuinn, Barkley.
Rear Row: Coach Cretzmeyer, Ross, Sasgen, Holbach, Linn, Bonjour, Father Coyne.

LORAS LIGHTS

GET SET FOR THE WORST

The first day of Spring has finally dawned and it didn't run true to the schedule. We are now expecting a little breeze to come along and dry the snow off the track.

Since the last snow storm the track men have been hibernating. The snow can't last, and provisions are being made to get a portable asbestos track because if they don't Whitie and Gus threaten to burn her up. Let 'er burn, boys, that's what we want.

Zak says "If we can't break records we can break windows and—bang! a snow ball went by Kellogg's ear and pierced the transparent track ground.

Greteman is a hard man to figure out. Just what, I wonder, what is his mother tongue? He has won prizes now in three different languages, a first in German, a first in English, and a second in Latin. However, nice going "Grete". You'll have a nice pot of gold if you keep the old stride.

Several cases of insomnia have been reported since Sunday night. Signs have appeared one after another on the doors of the second floor rooms during the last few days.

Father Howell took us for a ride on the train the other day (figuratively speaking) and he gave us the merits of behavior; whether the boys knew them already or not is a question, but Father Howell covered

CLASS BASEBALL TO FLOURISH AGAIN

Baseball is the true significant of spring and approaching summer. Track and spring football are but secondary in this underlying quality.

The boys are out, and have been for some time (with intervals off for snow-storms) practicing and getting their arms, eyes, and batting faculties into trim for the coming contests which invariably ensue in both leagues.

As in basketball, the various classes will be represented by teams, so that everyone will have a chance to get into those class games to be played at noon hour. Just as soon as the snow takes a last, fond farewell, Father Patnode will post the schedule, and the game will be on.

Wake up! Cheer up! Baseball is coming! The time when we can knock home runs, pitch faultless ball, win games.

this phase of the discussion nicely by opening his speech with the words "I hope you don't feel hurt" (applause and laughter). Remarks were made regarding the honesty due a large concern such as the Pullman company and since then many stray towels have disappeared from certain rooms. Perhaps they were mailed back to the company. Perhaps not! I wonder!

Dolan, notorious sophomore, is an "A" man in physics. "Ub" has made several discoveries in the laboratory, the most vital of which was acid on the leg of his trousers. "Ub" is doing well in his field. However, he hails from an unusual district in Wisconsin.

ACADEMY STUDENTS PLAY ON VARIOUS CITY TEAMS

Several days ago a group of Academy students was overheard discussing the success of Michigan's basketball team. One of the group spoke: "Well, they're pretty good, too." A cross examination revealed the fact that the speaker was a member of the junior cage champions of Du-buque, the Eskimos.

The Eskimos are made up almost entirely of Academy lads. Captain Moes, Bob Kenline, Oeth, and Mullin played, while Ziepprecht was the brainy manager. The two local papers published pictures of the team on last Sunday, and it is vaguely rumored that Mr. P. J. Norton was forced to employ a corps of assistants to accommodate the eager crowds.

Another team deserving of mention is the Robins, who, although eliminated in the semi-finals of the local tournament, nevertheless played consistently all season. Three large factors in the team's success were Captain Ray Coffey, Ike Boyd, and Emmet Kelly, all Academy boys.

There was another trio of our boys who starred on a local team, but have staunchly refused to be interviewed. These are two twins and an elderly brother; you may know them. The first two were silent, but the latter finally broke down and confessed that he was indeed a professional, having played two years with the Galena, Illinois, Enameling Works team.

And there you have some heroes constantly in the limelight of our little world—make the most of them.

TRACKSTERS SHOW MUCH PROMISE

Now that all the air has been let out of the basketballs, the popular pastime of the day has become track. Boys with ambition to beat Pad-dock's time, boys with visions of being second to Nurmi's, and lots of others who will be content if they just win a few meets are to be seen working out every night when the weather permits.

There sure is lots of good material out, and it looks as if we will gather lots of points this year. Judging by last week's performances, the best bets are Capt. Clemes, Barkley, Kol-fenbach, McGuinn, Holback, Wurst, Voreck, Kaye, Schollian, Lyness, Sanke, McKenna, Schares, Schmitz, Runde, Fintozzi and lots of others who have not hit their stride yet, but will be going before long.

Our aggregation will have enough power in the dashes with Capt. Clemes, Voreck, Barkley, Schollian, Lyness, McGuinn, and Sandke all doing fast time. The distance men who look good are Kolfenbach, Schmitz, Runde and Fintozzi. In the field events Capt. Clemes, who can enter most any event and get a place, will be assisted by Wurst, Higgins, McCarville, and McPartland. Kaye is way above anyone else in the pole vault and is the leader in the high jump along with McKenna, a dark horse, Barkley, who got "way up there last year", McGuinn, a versatile man, Schares and Schmitz.

McGuinn is expected to cause a big sensation in the hurdles along with Capt. Clemes, Holback, a point winner last year, Barkley, Lyness and a few others. The opposing timber foppers are going to have plenty to worry about.

All in all the team is well balanced and fairly strong in most departments, and it ought to end up on the right side of the column.

Due to the number of men out for the team it is hard to mention everyone, and many good men will doubtlessly be overlooked. But we'll hear about them in the next issue of the Cee-Ay.

McGUINN TO HEAD BASKETBALL SQUAD

At a meeting of this season's basketball letter men last Monday James McGuinn of Chicago was given by his mates, the honor of captaining them in the next year's campaign.

Jimmie is a born leader and a hard worker, forever earnest in his work. "June" played a very consistent and fine brand of ball in the pivot position and has ability to keep a team together from that post. This is a very honored office, pointing to the fact that he will most likely lead the best team in years and will have an excellent chance of having one of the best teams in the Catholic Prep School circles. The men who voted were the following lettermen for the season: Captain Conforti, Captain-Elect McGuinn, Kolfenbach, Barkley, Schwartz, Ross and Linn. All of these men will return next year and they should be developed into a fast playing aggregation by Mr. Cretzmeyer.

The old order changeth to the new, and so it is with the Cee-Ay.

KODAKERS RECEIVE EXPERT ADVICE

Zedja Of Mould's Studio Shows The Boys How.

Last Friday evening the members of the Kodak Club were highly honored by the presence of Mr. Zedja of Mould's studio.

The boys went through their usual processes of developing and printing for their guest, and he in turn offered some very helpful suggestions. Mr. Zedja was agreeably surprised and pleased with the work turned out by the members. He praised especially their skill in judging the shade of pictures.

He promised to spend another evening soon with the club. His presence will be more than welcome. Secretary Morgan and his co-workers are deeply grateful to Mr. Zedja for his valuable suggestions and especially for his enthusiastic interest in the club. We thank you.

MINSTREL SHOW WILL BE LIVELY

The tryouts for the minstrel show, which is to be staged by the combined efforts of both the Academy and the College soon after Easter, brought forth some very promising material. The affair promises to provide some real entertainment, and from all reports it is expected to excel even last year's minstrel show, which was held under the auspices of the Academy literary society. Burnt cork entertainers seem invariably to be a success and you can be sure that this year's entertainment will not fall below your highest expectations.

P. S. There is a rumor out that one of the funny men (a real director of such shows, by the way) made a flying trip to Chicago to obtain materials (and ideas?).

"Sprig idz heah". Track aspirants, and also men who will run for the Academy, could be seen working out on the cinder path. Football men were in evidence, bounding, bending, rolling and blocking. They were seen last week, but this week the skis are out again.

What's that coming down the street?

What's that looking so petite?
Why it's nothing but Jim Flynn's orange shirt.

They call him "measles" now for breaking out in the "shirt". Fancy that!

There are shirts of every hue,
Shirts of purple, shirts of blue,
Shirts of mauve; some thick, some thin.

Yet there's but one orange shirt,
And that is worn by "Measles" Flynn.

We hear that "Ole" Huegelmann will soon get a job figuring out electric light bills. Quite unnaturally, the other day he worked out a problem. Nice going "Ole".

Complaints are being made by the fourth floor dormitory men, that they are being awakened during the night by a loud cackling (laugh). Won't you ever quit laughing so loud in your sleep, "John"? Of course, his last name is Lynch.

PRIZE SHORT STORY

(Continued from Page 2)

turn and dodge as swiftly as the smaller birds, in desperation dropped its burden. The two hawks instantly plunged after it, but each got in the other's way and the fish fell uncaught.

Descending with unnatural slowness the trout was only half visible in the semi-darkness that followed the setting of the sun, and as he struck in front of the opening among the rocks—his old haunt—the hawks above raised an outcry that all but drowned the noise of the splash. Caught perhaps in some submarine crevice he failed to reappear.

It might have been the spirit of the aged monarch—the stream's oldest inhabitant—that having leaped that rocky ledge which is the threshold of the piscatorial Valhallas thus returned as he had, season after season, to his old homestead.

The angler, after knocking the ash from his pipe, disappeared through the aspens.

Twilight deepened. Night enveloped the valley with its pall of peace.
E. Musser.

ACADEMY BOARDERS ORGANIZE ORCHESTRA

With the intention of pleasing the ears of the listeners with their expressive and melodious abilities, a group of students: George Schmitz, Theobald, Voreck, Meinert, Kaye, Runde, and Ameche have organized an orchestra.

Their intention is to play for the minor entertainments presented by the Academy. They have been practicing assiduously, spending the spare time in waffing beautiful and harmonious strains up and down the auditorium, and when the time comes when these orchestrians will render their first selections, they will be prepared to please the audience. "Practice Makes Perfect", is their motto. You will have an opportunity to judge for yourself if they have practiced sufficiently, when on the twenty-ninth of this month, they broadcast at the Dramatic Contest.

ACADEMY BOYS WILL STAGE PLAY

Perhaps most of us noticed the sign on the bulletin board a few days ago asking for the names of all those who wished to take part in a play. This play will be staged some time after Easter; the exact date is as yet not selected. A number of plays have been considered but it is probable that "The Knights of the Yellow Robe" will be produced. This will be the Academy's first venture into the field of dramatics this year. Last year the Academy Literary Society undertook the presentation of all the productions that were staged in St. Joseph's Hall. It has been predicted that this year's production will excel those of last year and of all previous years.

One of the handshakers to visit here lately to see old friends was Henry Broghammer, who hails from Decorah, but looks the same as ever.

LINE O' RATTLE

YOU KNOW

Father Kessler says the more you know, the less you know you know.

YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT TO LOOK AT HIM?

Dear T. J.:

Maybe you don't believe it but he's the boy—John Frantzen—if you know whom I mean. And what he did! He's a godsend! Boys and girls, old and young, he has discovered the fountain of youth! "Where is it? Where is it?" you say—presently you will know.

Here's John's story: I'm an old man and I've been to the North Pole and all over the world and seen things I have—Would you be younger, closely follow me—As you all know there is, out in the Pacific near the Philippines, the international line where, on crossing the line the ships going east lose a day and the ships going west gain. Well, I had one of those witty little thoughts which you all know are so familiar to me, that I should go north on that line, having lots of money and plenty of honey wrapped up in a red bandana—I hopped a freight—er—a and went to the N. P. where I found that each time I circled around it I became a day younger if I ran eastward. So I got a rope and tying one end to the pole and holding onto the other I fashioned a May-pole and made three and sixty revolutions a day—a year a day—pretty good cuz some women are happy if they take off ten pounds in a month. Well, I was fifty years old at the time so I stayed until I was a kid again—and here I am. When I get to be fifty again I'm going back. And in conclusion, may I add, that all I am and all I ever hope to be—I owe to my red bandana—Go north, dear dad, go north!

O Gee.

DID HE DO IT?

A complimentary prof told Seymour, "You're so narrow minded I could tie your auditory appendages together."

To tell a funny story,
Is something of an art.
Most stories are not funny,
And that's the funny part.

Jeff.

ANTIQUES

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Garters

Who is this Louie Schaeffe?

WITH ALL MY IS

"I'm strong for you," said the onion.

"Well, I'd weep for you," cried the potato.

ZAT SO?

Sidney Smith, Gaar Williams and many other cartoonists say that they get their ideas from every day life. Oh, what a Paradise a Columbia corridor would be to them.

Don't brag, Korky, have you ever taken time to look up in the dictionary a definition of shiek? If not here it is. Shiek—an old or venerable man.

LOCAL VISTAS

Rumor hath it that Al Hoffman (Dutch) attended the St. Patrick's day party at the domicile of J. Flynn (Irish), and just out of sight he sported a nice big pretzel instead of a shamrock on his coat lapel.

The doctor says that he will see me out of danger.

Among the other true sons of Ed to attend were Kerper, Palen and Ludescher.

Nothing could have been more heartening to the Irish on the seventeenth than to be served "sprigs and sauer kraut". St. Boniface Day—"Corn beef and cabbage".

However, the evening meal with its many desserts filled the hearts of the Shamrock bearers with a smile from ear to ear. Not a smile from ear to ear of their hearts.

Eddie Tagney should not be mentioned here, for we are supposed to write of what we see, but Eddie's appearance after a prolonged rest in Chicago prompts us to ask if the Loyola Tournament was run off according to Hoyle, or who was the pre-war sports writer.

I asked. It was all right.

What thinkest thou of recent Easter day vacation propaganda? The wishing the holiday will find the solution to the problem has been thoroughly worked out, and with a cents they may obtain the necessities from anyone of my coordination.

Dubuque's Real

The Yellow Lantern

Waffle and Chili Shop

1119 Main St.

STRAND

FOUR DAYS
STARTING SUNDAY
MILTON SILLS

—IN—

"THE SEA TIGER"

GRAND

FOUR DAYS
STARTING SUNDAY

LTON ERROL
AND
DOROTHY MACKAIL

—IN—

"A LUNATIC AT LARGE"